THE

RETORT POLITIC

ON

MASTER BURKE;

OR,

A FEW WORDS *EN PASSANT*:

OCCASIONED BY HIS

TWO LETTERS

ON A

REGICIDE PEACE.

FROM

A TYRO OF HIS OWN SCHOOL,

BUT OF ANOTHER CLASS.

"He'd fill with bloody ſcenes his cloſing eyes,
"And count his country's days by miſeries."

London:

PRINTED FOR J. S. JORDAN, NO. 166, FLEET-STREET.

1796.

BRITISH MUSEUM

A

FEW WORDS

En Paſſant,

TO

MASTER BURKE.

SIR,

THE epiſtolary manner you have choſen of late for your political communications, makes an acknowledgement of a ſight of your two recent "Letters, to a Member of Parliament, on the propoſals for Peace with the *Regicide Directory* of France," in the ſame way, at leaſt equally proper. Thoſe letters, though addreſſed to an individual, you confeſſedly wiſhed might be read for the good of the whole community, under which circumſtance it could not be deemed improper, however improbable, were they to be acknowledged by one half of its members; ſo highly obliged muſt they feel for the trouble you take in their welfare.

It may appear raſh in a young politician, one ſtill in his pupilage, to enter the liſts with ſo conſummate a Maſter as Edmund Burke. An adept of more than thirty years practice: but alas! how is the world and every thing within it changed of late!! Young Kings have indeed for ages ruled over older men, have governed vaſt empires, but it is only of late, that young generals have attacked, aye and have triumphed too, over veterans; and that young citizens have put hoary ſtateſmen to the bluſh. Not that I expect to do the ſame thing by you, Sir; no, that is not to be done! I only plead the force of example in an attempt of this nature, by way of eſcaping the accuſation of preſumption.

It is evident, therefore, by what I have ſaid, that I mean no affront by calling you Master Burke; you cannot be offended that I do ſo: one of the moſt learned preceptors under which you ſtudied in the early part of your life, was called *maſter* to his dying day, and was more proud of that title (if poſſible) than Mr. Hamilton in that of *my Lord Marquis*; becauſe he knew it was derived from his perfection in thoſe ſciences which he taught and had cultivated with ſo laudable an aſſiduity.

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The proficiency you have diſplayed in the modern *art of ſpeaking*, and the *profitable* account you have turned it to, muſt undoubtedly give you an indiſputable claim to the diſtinction of maſter, to ſay nothing of the *myſtery* of a ſtateſman which you have explored with equal, if not with more ſucceſs, than any of your cotemporaries. I ſay, with more ſucceſs, becauſe you derive all the "pleaſing influences and flattering gratifications," of being a ſtateſman, without experiencing thoſe interruptions of repoſe which are inevitably connected with the functions of one.

In making a retroſpective alluſion to your education, (your political education I mean) to that progreſs in learning which carried you to ſo elevated a ſtation; how natural is it to regret the uſe you made of that eminence, and to anticipate with pain your certain fall. Your firſt precepts and notions were drawn from the beſt of ſchools, the leſſons inculcated in you were orthodox; but alas! you played the truant, you apoſtatiſed from the true faith; and if one may judge by the paroxyſms of phrenzy, which ſeize you by times, you already behold the chaſtiſement preparing, and its infliction as certain, unleſs you can make a rampart of converts around you, to withſtand its approach.

You know, Mr. Burke, for you are well acquainted with Paris, that, without the walls of that city, there is the *grande maiſon* called *Les Invalides* for the maimed of body, and that within them in the rue du Seve, there are *petites maiſons* denominated *Les Incurables* for the imbecile of mind; to ſuch a reſidence as this latter, I ſhould certainly vote for ſending you as a retreat for life, were it not that by your laſt work, (and men ſhould always be judged by their works) I obſerve ſomething which aſſures me, you have "lucid intervals." Yet, alas! that light is tranſient, as it ever muſt be, when emitted from a diſtempered brain, or from a judgement bleſſed only with intermittent reaſon. It is like the *ignis fatuus* ſo much talked of; if we follow it, we are out of our way, and are ſome time before we can return to the benefits of the more ſteady light of truth, which the Author of Nature has beſtowed on man for his guidance through the dark and intricate paths of life. To end all compariſons, and the longer they are made the leſs agreeable they will grow; this luminous vapour, ſo viſible in your writings is nothing more than a rhetorical kind of phoſphorus, it *ſhines*, it ſometimes *blazes* even, but it never *warms*. Natural philoſophers tell us of many corrupt ſubſtances reflecting a light but little inferior to that. But be the caſe as it may, your Two Letters on

a Re-

a Regicide Peace indicate precision as to time, and display a methodical arrangement, which qualities, before any jury of lunacy, would be adequate to obtain a verdict of sanity of mind for the time being; and that, at least, would be sufficient to exempt the person who answers them from the imputation of madness. I will therefore, without further ceremony, cursorily run my eye over them again, and tell you what I think of their merits.—In doing which I would observe, that although I have perused your thoughts in their original garb and in their new dress, I shall do by you as the Speaker of the House of Commons has often, when you have, in your place, risen a second time *to explain*, and consider your last speech as the truest portraiture of your mind. In both these versions of your Letters, whether from Owen or from Rivington, you have equally and pathetically lamented the ravages which time has made on you. If the Preface of the former is to be credited, the inexorable pursuer has done more than changed the colour of your hairs, for he has infected you with the accustomed concomitant of old age.—*Avarice*. This double tax however, which your garrulity and the above quality combined impose on the Reader, is paid with much less reluctance than many of those exacted by the Minister, who is so much your

friend;

friend: and that declaration muſt relatively ſet your mind at reſt on the ſcore of three ſhillings and ſixpence, or ſix ſhillings for the conveyance of your Two Letters.—But to proceed to the notice of the firſt.

It would be endleſs to make exceptions to a certain order of words which deſtroy each other's meaning, or to a *diſorder* of words that perverts their meaning. Such as that ſpeaking of Engliſhmen as a people, "who have once been "proud and great, and great becauſe they were "proud:" this may be the logic of one of the "poliſhed orders of ſociety," but a plain reaſoner would be apt to conclude we had been great firſt and proud afterwards. If the manners of the community are, as is affirmed, made up of the manners of indivduals, that is certainly the caſe. If to be proud were of conſequence to be great, then Lord Grenville muſt have been a great Miniſter indeed, for a prouder one never trod in ſhoes or rode in *boots*. Yet leſt you ſhould demur at the objection, by inſiſting the caſe with a nation is different to that of individuals, and that reaſoning from generals to particulars is not allowable, I will cite Spain as an example of the greateſt pride, but as ſomething the very reverſe of greatneſs.

But,

But, Sir, I will not trouble you with any further criticiſms of this kind. It is well known that certain writers and ſpeakers, great becauſe they are proud, or proud becauſe they are great, take it which way you will, acquire in time a certain careleſſneſs or confidence in what they write or ſay, and which they expect will be taken on truſt by their readers and hearers without examination, whether it be ſophiſtry or ratiocination; and to this preſumption, I am ſorry to ſay, they are but too much encouraged by the obſequiouſneſs of certain perſons, who never take the trouble to think for themſelves.

To what cauſe but this can be aſcribed the baneful influence of your Remarks on the French Revolution? The *beautiful* and *ſublime* Mr. Burke had a *carte blanche* from myriads of paſſive judgments, on which he might have written any theory, however wild, and it would not leſs have been made their creed, and the *vade mecum* of their conduct. But, thanks to the leſs flaſhy, yet more luminous pen of a Mackintosh; many thanks to the far leſs florid, but more perſpicuous reaſoning of a Paine; the charms of a glittering, but falſe logic, can deceive us no longer! the ſubtlety of the rhetorician has loſt its power, and ſound reaſon and

plain

plain ſenſe have taken their turn to preſide. Thanks without number, and gratitude without end, are due to all thoſe worthies who have ventured, at the riſk of their lives, to aſſert the cauſe of truth, in the very face of thoſe who have been the moſt capable, from talents, rank, power, and intereſt, to overwhelm it.

But you will ſay, what has truth and its cauſe to do with your Letters on the Regicide Peace, a work *purely political*, and which does not of neceſſity always pertain to truth.—I ſhall then return to your reaſoning and its object.

I am pleaſed that I agree with you when you ſay, "I am not quite of the mind of thoſe ſpe-" culators, who ſeem aſſured that neceſſarily, " and by the conſtitution of things, all States " have the ſame period of infancy, manhood, " and decrepitude, that are found in the indi-" viduals which compoſe them;" and for this plain reaſon do I agree with you, that no virtue, no temperance in the individual, can preſerve him from decay, death is inevitable. But the ſame qualities and virtues exerciſed by the members of a State, may, and do preſerve it from decay; and diſſolution does not appear to be the natural end to which it tends, as in the caſe of individuals. Nay, a State already in a

condition

condition of decadence, may, by virtue in the individuals which compoſe it, be renovated, and every ſymptom of diſſolution be removed. That this is the caſe with France thouſands affirm at this day; and if you, Sir, live but a ſhort time longer, it is my opinion you will be brought to confeſs as much. I am, therefore, quite of a different opinion with Lord Kaimes, who ſays, that a nation once corrupted, after a high ſtate of civilization, is not ſuſceptible of regeneration or purification, but that its inhabitants muſt die away (or *killed off* would do as well) and the country be peopled afreſh. Good God, Sir, what a ſituation of deſpair ſhould we be plunged into, if this reaſoning were ſound? Every claſs of Engliſhmen, but thoſe who live by corruption, would quit their country, or be reputed to loſe their wits, and our Iſland would preſently be ſeen almoſt a deſart.

No, Sir, I ſubſcribe to no ſuch opinions; I believe that, notwithſtanding England may be much more corrupt than it is already, provided the ſame men govern under the ſame ſyſtem, yet that, with a change of men and ſyſtem, its ſtate may be regenerated, and the community bear all the marks of a vigour even as youthful as that of America. I am a fataliſt in no reſpect; if I were, I ſhould be liſtening every

moment for the knell of England's funeral; for a concurrence of greater dangers, of more fatal preſages, was never witneſſed in any country ſince the creation of the world. But what is more ſurpriſing than all is, that I look for its ultimate ſafety to that alone which makes Mr. Burke and his friends almoſt diſtracted. Perhaps it may be called *Jacobiniſm*. "It is what "it is, but call it what you pleaſe."

The object you had in view when you commenced writing your Letters is eaſily to be diſcovered in the tenor as well as in the title of them; the means, however, taken to arrive at that object afford a ſtriking proof of the vacillating ſtate of the writer's mind in the different periods of his taking up the pen. Energy and languor by turns prevail, apparently as the expreſſes from the Continent, with the accounts of the movements of the armies oppoſed to thoſe of "the Republic of Regicide," were favorable or diſcouraging to the hopes of their abettors. The French Republic, which you have thought proper thus to perſonify, is accordingly at one time repreſented as "a vaſt tremendous "unformed ſpectre, riſing out of the tomb of "the murdered Monarchy, and ſtalking abroad "in a far more terrific guiſe than any which "ever yet overpowered the imagination, and

"ſubdued

" ſubdued the mind of man;" at another, as an unſubſtantial ghoſt, which may be allayed with little pains; doubtleſs, by the pious exorciſms of the Bishop of Rochester, and a few others of the devout Clergy of his caſt. But, Sir, do you reflect what miſchief you do to the cauſe you would willingly ſupport, in thus impreſſing the figure of ſpectres and ghoſts upon the timid imagination of many of your admirers. The firm nerves of Mr. Pitt may be made to tremble by apparitions of this nature haunting him in dreams and in reveries. *Macbeth* was more overcome and unmanned by them than by the claſhing of ten thouſand ſwords. You even go ſo far as to ſay, the famiſhed people whom that ſpectre repreſents, " paſſing with a rapid, eccentric, incalculable " courſe, have, in ſpite of their annihilated re- " venue, defaced manufactures, and ruined " commerce, actually conquered the fineſt parts " of Europe, have diſtreſſed, diſunited, derang- " ed, and broke to pieces all the reſt, and ſo " ſubdued the minds of the rulers in every na- " tion, that hardly any reſource preſents itſelf " to them, except that of entitling themſelves " to a contemptuous mercy by a diſplay of their " imbecility and meanneſs." All this is very true, Sir, but how does the making it more known anſwer your deſign of bringing the

broken forces of the remaining allies again to the charge? Well may you be anxiouſly curious to know what will be the unravelling of ſo intricate a plot, a plot which you ſay "ſaddens and "perplexes the awful drama of Providence now "acting on the moral theatre of the world," you add, that, whether for thought or for action, you are at the end of your career.

If Mr. Burke is at the end of his career, how long can the Miniſter go on in his? A ſerious queſtion this, foretokening much deſpondency, highly unfit to be propounded, or even raiſed in idea by the man who at all times reminds us how much there is to be done, and how much to be retrieved.

After the moſt ſombre picture that ever was painted of the falling greatneſs and menaced exiſtence of this Empire, you ſay, "We are "never authorized to abandon our country to "its fate, or to act or adviſe as if it had no "reſources." There is no reaſon, you add, to apprehend, becauſe ordinary means threaten to fail that no others can ſpring up. "Other "great States having been without any regular, "certain courſe of elevation, or decline, we "may hope that the Britiſh fortune may fluc-"tuate alſo; becauſe the public mind, which "influences

" influences that fortune, may have its changes." Is this the language of the gallant, high-minded MR. BURKE? Is this the note by which he means to ſound to arms his chivalrous troops, whom he would ſtir up again to ſome new cruſade? Is it not rather the *Tocſin*, the alarm-bell to the ears of every one who has been concerned in all the former enterprizes. Any future one, nevertheleſs, it is not denied, may be ſafer in the hands Providence than in thoſe with whom it reſts at preſent. But he concludes this part of the ſubject after the manner of a well-remembered familiar phraſe, *who knows the luck of, &c.* for he ſays, " Who knows whether in-" dignation may not ſucceed to terror, and the " revival of high ſentiment, ſpurning away the " deluſion of a ſafety purchaſed at the expence " of glory, may not yet drive us to that *gene-" rous deſpair*, which has often ſubdued diſtem-" pers in the State, for which no remedy could " be found in the wiſeſt councils." Yes, Sir, *indignation* may, and no doubt will ſucceed to *terror*, but that indignation may be directed in its courſe through channels which you yourſelf would not point it. Where, in the name of wonder, can you have lived for theſe laſt few years, to be ſo ſurpriſed at what is going forwards, and to expreſs ſo much wonder at the point to which things are come? Inſtead of reminding

reminding us ſo often of the preſages you experience of a contracting exiſtence, you might tell us, without any diſbelief on our part, that you have for ſome time paſt been actually dead. You have in truth been ſtanding ſtill, or rather falling back, while the reſt of mankind have been advancing. They are out of ſight as it were, and you are nearly out of *call*. The PRESS, to which you owe your advancement to the flattering notice you have enjoyed in ſociety, is eſtimated but as little in your account of the moral changes of man. You are not aware, perhaps not pleaſed, that multitudes have benefited by that diſcovery, with the fruits of which you have thought proper to enrich your purſe rather than your name; and you cannot conceive how the wily ſcience of Government can have been pierced into by vulgar eyes.

I doubt not but that many, as well as myſelf, who may remark on the contents of your Two Letters, will be accuſed of wiſhing to indulge a ſplenetic diſpoſition, or of giving way to an envy created by your extraordinary talents. With reſpect to talents, no one is a greater admirer of them than myſelf and leſs an invidious coveter of them. I would, if I could, make them the firſt pretenſion, rather than birth,

birth, to the firſt honours of the ſtate, but I have ſeen the miſapplication of them followed by ſuch puniſhment to their poſſeſſors, and accompanied with ſo many miſeries to the country that had a right to their honeſt exerciſe; that I conceive them to be a *charge* not a *fortune* in their acquiſition.

With regard to ill humour, every man who loves his country and feels for its proſperity, muſt be more or leſs poſſeſſed of it, when he recollects what Mr. Burke has been, what he has ſaid, and who hears him now ſay, "We muſt walk in *new ways* if we would proſperouſly encounter our enemy" and yet ſees him contend that none are ſo calculated as our *old guides* to lead us through thoſe new and difficult paths. The truth is, Sir, the world has been in great part peopled with beings of ſuperficial judgments, as is evident by the high appreciation of your ſplendid rhapſodies and pompous inconſiſtencies. Your mental endowments have been great, but they are loſt to the world, and are therefore loſt to yourſelf. Your mind, like the temper of a beautiful woman who has thrown away her virtue, is impaired, broken or ſoured. You would fain keep up a portion of reputation or a ſhew of it, though the means you take for that purpoſe, confirm your knowledge of the irretrievable

trievable diſaſter; you therefore forbode, deplore, deſpair, rave, madden, and even die in anticipation, and after all that, riſe again from your grave, as you have pictured the "Republic of Regicide" to have ſprung from the tomb of Monarchy, and in that ſtate "affright us and puſh us from our ſtools."

That this is the melancholy condition of the once great man Mr. Burke, will be further manifeſted as we proceed to examine what he ſays of the ſtate of the public affairs of his country, and of the plan of policy he would adopt for their further guidance.

You will obſerve, Sir, that I avail myſelf of the advantage offered by writing under the appearance of a letter intended for the public eye, in not only ſpeaking *to you* in the ſecond perſon, but ſometimes *of you* in the third: or perhaps it will pleaſe you better to conſider this as a ſtratagem borrowed of the drama, for the ſake of civility only, by ſpeaking that *aſide* which might be too ungracious for your own ear.

That your fear and your valour have remitted by turns, is pretty evident, not only from the different beating of your pulſe, but from the various aſpect which your countenance, or which

is the ſame thing, your writing has put on. We have remarked you in the *cold fit*, the *feveriſh paroxyſm* is now *coming on*, which we ſhall ſee carried to the moſt violent *exacerbation*; and thus, by a diſtempered climax, we obſerve you riſing as it were to the acmé of heat and paſſion; to the very ſublime of fury and frenzy.

Many there are who will never be perſuaded to believe that you have apprehended thoſe dangers with which you affect to repreſent the country as ſurrounded by; nor that you are moved by thoſe forebodings and anxieties which you employ to operate upon the minds of your readers. In ſpite of the reiterated denial of St. Omer's claiming the merit of your education, they will inſiſt upon it they can ſtill diſcover a little of the *Jeſuit* in all you ſay and do on this occaſion. It is univerſally acknowledged that you have a fanciful imagination, capacious and various as your abundant and diverſified diction. Men are never worked upon ſo eaſily and effectually as through their fears; this you well know, you have therefore put an "air-drawn dagger" in the eye of every rich man in the country, in nearly the ſame manner as you, three years ago, threw down a real one on the floor of the Houſe of Commons to the view of the Members. The firſt dagger act pro-

duced a parliamentary inclination to war with the Republic of France even to extermination; the ſecond may induce the monied men, who alone hold in their hands the ſinews of war (according to the preſent principle of carrying on war) I ſay, this ſecond diſplay of that tragic weapon, may induce them and all the wealthy part of the nation to another effort for carrying that inclination into effect.

Whatever, therefore, is feigned, whatever is really felt by you, the oſtenſible purpoſe of your Letters before me, is to revive all the rancour and animoſity which have through the whole conteſt been created and cheriſhed by the reſpective parties at war. Thereby you hope to do away the bare poſſibility of pacification from the eſſaying treaty: a pacification deſired by a great majority of the community at large, but deprecated by the revengeful Mr. Burke.

With this more than ſavage view, you have ranſacked various old decrees of the conſtituent, legiſlative, and conventional aſſemblies, and even the placards on the walls of Paris, in hope to ſhew the "rooted animoſity" of that country to the Engliſh Government, and to prove that no peace ought to be, nor can be ſafely made with the French Republic.

Whatever

Whatever Miniſters are diſpatched to Paris on the errand of making an attempt to negociate, you expect will return not only with the purport of the miſſion unaccompliſhed, but fraught with humiliation, and impregnated with what? why, with the deteſtable principles of the new Republic, with the ſpirit of innovation. Good Heavens! how ſtrong that ſpirit muſt be which ſo ſuddenly, ſo powerfully (*nolens volens*) enters into the minds of the diplomatic men of foreign countries, into the repreſentatives of crowned heads.

To exhibit to the view of the rich men of this country the conceived irremediable danger their property will be expoſed to by a peace of any kind with the French; to alarm the members of the Government with the riſque of every meſſenger ſent among them imbibing new principles, and inoculating them wherever they go, is but one part of the preparation for the "ſwelling act" that is to follow. The members of the French Directory muſt be abuſed in the groſſeſt terms, not as emblems of a government, which any man here has a right to approve or diſlike, but *perſonally* and by *name*. A ſpectacle is raiſed in the fancy of the writer of "Letters on the Regicide Peace," at once to ſhew the pretended abaſement of the "aſſem-

bled majeſty of the crowned heads of Europe" waiting in the antichamber of the "Regicide," and to caſt a multitude of foul words on the principal perſon who has formed the plans of the war. "They wait, it ſeems (ſays the Letter writer) until the ſanguinary tyrant *Carnot* ſhall have ſnorted away the fumes of the indigeſted blood of his Sovereign. Then, when ſunk on the down of uſurped pomp, he ſhall have ſufficiently indulged his meditations with what Monarch he ſhall next glut his ravening maw, he may condeſcend to ſignify that it is his pleaſure to be awake; and that he is at leiſure to receive the propoſals of his high and mighty clients for the terms on which he may reſpite the ſentence of the execution he has paſſed upon them."

This is not all, this is only a drawing for one of the directors, the others have their ſhare, and REUBEL, REVEILLIERE, with TALLIEN among them are paid equal notice. But to give the better effect to the introduction of perſonages of this nature upon Mr. Burke's theatre, they are followed by a train or "chorus of confiſcators, domiciliary viſitors, committee-men of reſearch, jurors of revolutionary tribunals, Regicides, aſſaſſins, maſſacrers and Septemberizers." Would this wordy-war were the worſt that could

be

be waged between the countries! however it may tend in the opinion of ſome to aggravate another already ſufficiently violent of itſelf, it is capable of exciting little more than riſibility. The French, a good-natured pleaſant people, might be diſpoſed to make merry in the further peruſal of what they have been pleaſed to call *La delire de Burke*; but obſerving, which they cannot avoid to do, a remarkable co-incidence of events, as to *time*, *place*, and *manner*, in this ranting and raving, with the plans and meaſures of Mr. Pitt; it is impoſſible to gueſs how it may be taken by the members of the French Government, ſhould they have leiſure to read it, or patience to liſten to its recital.

But, Mr. Burke, the acknowledged maſter of Engliſh rhetoric, and of Iriſh logic: you pray deliverance from the evils which a diffuſion of French principles would bring upon this country, without ever once looking up to the ſource from whence theſe principles ſprang. While the eye of the reader is amuſed by the flowers ſcattered over your language, and his imagination arreſted by the tropes and metaphors which accompany it, he is irreſiſtibly for a moment carried away with you in the giddy torrent of your eloquence. No ſooner, however, does he quit the headlong courſe into which you have

plunged

plunged or decoyed him, than his own reaſon takes poſſeſſion of him again, and he is ready to call out aloud, Whence comes this tremendous ſpirit of innovation? What has given to an old principle, ſo new, ſo formidable an operation? What has tumbled certain thrones to the ground, what has ſhaken others to their baſe, and what at this moment keeps almoſt every other in Europe in the moſt critical anxiety? An oracle (no lying one) is ready to anſwer. DISCUSSIONS, DISCOVERIES, have done all this! till the one can be ſtifled, and the other forgotten, therefore, as well may you, Sir, expect to cut or wound the yielding air, as ſubdue the ſpirit which offends you. There are times and places in which, notwithſtanding your deſire to conceal your feelings, you dread as much; for inſtance, after labouring to animate your countrymen by a compariſon of the valour of the Britiſh nation in the exigencies of former wars, of their pre-eminence in the *contrived proſecution* of them, and of their *unconquerable conſtancy*, in difficulties you ſay, "their paſſions correſponded with the great intereſts they had at ſtake." Then you add, "this force of character was inſpired, as all ſuch ſpirit ever muſt be, from above." Who would not imagine at the firſt contemplation of the words, from above, that you meant HEAVEN; i. e. the juſtneſs of

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the cauſe—but no ſuch thing, GOVERNMENT only was implied by that expreſſion; but perhaps Government and Heaven, in the new *ſynonyme* of Edmund the impious apoſtate, may ſignify the ſame thing. The time has been when, if Government (in all ages allowed to be but a neceſſary evil) was not to Mr. BURKE the reverſe of Elyſium, it was admitted to be at leaſt no better than a ſpecies of *purgatory* or middle ſtation. Now without doubt, ſince he has been conducted through the *milky way*, it is become a perfect *Heaven:* and indeed, when we conſider the *bleſſings* it has *ſhowered* upon him, it would be ſcandalizing his gratitude to ſuppoſe he will ever think it any thing elſe. But "Government (ſays Mr. Burke) inſpired the character, gave the impulſe; was the firſt mover of thoſe acts, thoſe exploits, which exalted the character of the Britiſh nation, and overcame the force and the machinations of all its enemies," and he is labouring to bring it to that pitch of enthuſiaſm and ardor for enterprize at the preſent moment. Without this *primum mobile* be attained, he dreads, he deſpairs. "As well (ſays he) may we fancy that the ſea will ſwell, and that without billows will inſult the adverſe ſhore, as that the groſs maſs of the people will be moved, and elevated, and continue by a ſteady and permanent direction to bear upon one point, without

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the influence of ſuperior authority, or ſuperior mind." Then by one of thoſe apoſtrophes in which he ſo much abounds, by a natural flight of his imagination, in quick tranſition, he quits the government for the purpoſe of holding up the honours of the Pantheon to the remains of the great Mr. Pitt, ſhould he fall in executing the deſign of ſo admirable an architect. "This impulſe ought to have been given in this war; and it ought to have been continued to it at every inſtant. It is made, if ever war was made, to all the great ſprings of action in the human breaſt. It ought not to be a war of apology. The Miniſter had, in this conflict, wherewithal to glory in ſucceſs; to be conſoled in adverſity; to hold high his principle in all fortunes. If it were not given him to ſupport the falling edifice, he ought to bury himſelf under the ruins of the civilized world. All the art of Greece, and all the pride and power of eaſtern Monarchs, never heaped upon their aſhes ſo grand a monument."

Thus the ſplendid renown of a triumph, or the immortal glories of an apotheoſis are equally prepared for our inexperienced *Telemachus*, if he will but follow the ſage counſels of the wiſe *Mentor*, Mr. Burke, who is capable in one breath to infuſe into his illuſtrious pupil, at once

once the caution of wiſdom and the impetuoſity of war. Ah, if this Neſtor in politics could, like Neſtor of old, but avail himſelf of the unerring arrows of Hercules, and accompany the Duke of Brunſwick to Paris, what might not be done? The walls of that famous city, more odious than ever were thoſe of Troy to Agamemnon, how would they fall before ſuch champions. The allies, in ſuch a caſe, after ſacking the capital, and taking vengeance on a few of the obdurate citizens, might return, like the confederates of Greece, to their reſpective kingdoms and ſtates crowned with laurels, and loaded with ſpoils. But alas! the deadly ſhafts appear to have fallen on the feet of our modern heroes, as being too unwieldy for their indexterous hands, and have left them, like the happy Philoctetes, too incapacitated to *limp* to the field of battle.

From theſe fluctuations of hope, and ebbings of deſpair, it may ſafely be inferred, that the evening and morning ſong of Mr. Burke are ſet in very different keys. The earth with him, as with ARTHUR YOUNG, is at one time firm and ſteady under his feet, and at another, tremulous and undulating. He goes to ſleep full of confidence in his own projects, next dreams of their doubtful iſſue, and then wakes and riſes with

horrors from his bed, as Richard from his couch, ready to cry "A horſe! a horſe! my *penſion* for a horſe!" like that tyrant too, as crooked of mind, though not of body, he may be brought to reſolve to die *with harneſs on his back.*

As the whole tendency of this publication of Mr. Burke is confeſſedly War! War! War! and to prevent even a pauſe of hoſtility, which he dreads as much as Lucifer is feigned to dread the ceſſation of ſin; it is time to examine how the arch-incendiary proceeds in the execution of his project.

Obſerving (what he cannot well avoid to do) that the popular averſion to ſo unprofitable a warfare is increaſing every day, he endeavours to ſhew the abſolute neceſſity of continuing in it, from a prediction of ruin following its abandonment: and this he does in the following words: "If the general diſpoſition of the people be, as I hear it is, for an immediate peace with Regicide, without ſo much as conſidering our public and ſolemn engagements to the party in France whoſe cauſe we had eſpouſed, or the engagements expreſſed in our general alliances, not only without an enquiry into the terms, but with a certain knowledge that none but the worſt terms will be offered, it is all over with

with us." Now, for the party *in* France, he muſt certainly mean the party *out of* France, for the *emigrants* can be the only party alluded to, as he cannot reckon the few Royaliſts ſcattered about the Republic (if any there are remaining) a party. And with regard to the emigrant French, and eſpecially thoſe in England, it may be very well for a man like himſelf, with a large penſion, or eſtate, to give thoſe heretofore pampered beings a *fricandeau* or an *omelette* at his table, but to make the vindication of what he is pleaſed to conſider their wrongs, one of the cauſes for England proſecuting the war, is a conceit too prepoſterous to be dwelt on for a moment.

But to raiſe our fears to a certain height, and then "to ſcrew our courage to the ſticking place," he proceeds as follows.

"None can aſpire to act greatly, but thoſe who are of force greatly to ſuffer. They who make their arrangements in the firſt run of miſadventure, and in a temper of mind the common fruit of diſappointment and diſmay, put a ſeal on their calamities. To their power they take a ſecurity againſt any favours which they might hope from the uſual inconſtancy of fortune. With the people whoſe lives are every

day to be hazarded, and prematurely extinguiſhed, and with thoſe whoſe labours are to ſuſtain the expence of it, Mr. Burke holds no converſe; they are obviouſly beneath his notice. Political warfare has filled his brain, political economy never enters it. He is ten thouſand times more the *Don Quixote* than ever. If he has a King whoſe prerogative it is to declare war, but wills it; and a Miniſter whoſe office it is to take money from the people to carry it on, reſolves to perſevere in doing ſo; he is ſatisfied, he thinks it is enough. In his apprehenſion, therefore, of the conſequences of a peace, he does not ſpeak of the bulk of the nation gaining or loſing any thing: all is to be put to the account of the few about himſelf, all is is to be hazarded for the ſake of vengeance on the Regicides of France, and for the preſervation of Miniſters at home. He does not forget to place the King at the head of them, that it may be underſtood his caſe, his hopes, his fears, his fate, muſt of neceſſity be interwoven with the Miniſter's; by whoſe ſide he ſignifies, that, ſhould things give the comparative happineſs of a ſtruggle, he ſhall be found dying (he was going to ſay fighting, and allows that would be fooliſh.) "With a Regicide Peace (he ſays) the King cannot long have a Miniſter to ſerve him, nor the Miniſter a King to ſerve. If the

Great

Great Diſpoſer, in reward of the royal and private virtues of his Sovereign (he adds) ſhould call him from the calamitous ſpectacles, which will attend a ſtate of amity with *Regicide*, his ſucceſſor will ſurely ſee them, unleſs the ſame Providence greatly anticipates the courſe of nature. He concludes by remarking that he "dare not flatter the reigning Sovereign, nor any Miniſter he has or can have, nor his ſucceſſor apparent, nor any of thoſe who may be called to ſerve him, with what appears to him a falſe ſtate of their ſituation. We cannot (ſays he) have them and that peace together."

In the name of Heaven, Mr. Burke, for it is impoſſible to avoid, in this place, calling upon you in perſon for an anſwer to the following queſtions. Do you believe the King can find no Miniſters qualified and diſpoſed to conciliate the diſcontents of the people, and to turn the hatred of France into a far different ſentiment? Has the dire ſyſtem which has brought us to this awful condition ſo long prevailed, that it will be impoſſible to perſuade mankind it can ever be changed? If to the one queſtion you anſwer yes, and to the other no, then it may truly be affirmed, that no perſon, in or out of the Miniſtry, has done half ſo much as yourſelf to bring your country into that helpleſs ſtate.

If

If certain of your affirmations and predictions, the joint produce of your fears and your rage, could paſs upon mankind as the fruit of reflection and experience, we might ceaſe to wonder at the unexampled apathy and patient reſignation ſhewn by the people of England towards their deareſt concerns. We might conſider all interference, all intereſt taken in them, as vain, if not preſumptuous; yielding ourſelves to what we ſhould deem an unalterable deſtiny, we might wait with dread and ſilence the arrival of the moment when the Miniſter and the Empire ſhould fall in one grand craſh together. But not not ſo, Sir. Eloquence, though it has not loſt its power to pleaſe, is happily bereft of its power to *faſcinate* and *deceive* The TRUE is preferred before the DAZZLING. Your language cannot affect what your paſſions would commiſſion it to perform. The humiliated Kings, the diſappointed and diſcomfitted Princes, the weeping emigrants, all, all deplore the ſad effects of your elegant, your fluent language. It has proved to them and their cauſe more miſchievous than the ſyren's voice. But it ſeems to approximate to its end. The rapidity and inflammability of your conceptions threaten to ſet fire to your brain, as the wheel is conſumed by the violent attrition from its own velocity.

You

You have obſerved, in one part of your Letter, that the fate of an empire has been determined by the death, diſguſt, retreat, or diſgrace of a man at a critical juncture, we are to ſee how far that of Great Britain is to be accelerated, or retarded, by the influence of Mr. Burke.

You have acknowledged the difficulties of our ſituation, and have confeſſed the advantage which the enemy draws from his own, inſomuch that "what is poiſon of the other ſtates is made food to the Republic." You are not willing, however, to truſt wholly to that courage for continuing your war, which you ſay is "the reſult of deſpair." You therefore proceed as follows: "Much controverſy there has been in Parliament, and not a little among ourſelves out of doors, about the inſtrumental means of this nation towards the maintenance of her dignity, and the aſſertion of her rights. On the moſt elaborate and correct detail of facts, the reſult ſeems to be, that at no time has the wealth and power of Great Britain been ſo conſiderable as it is at this very perilous moment. We have a vaſt intereſt to preſerve, and we poſſeſs great means of preſerving it: But it is to be remembered that the artificer may be encumbered by his tools, and that reſources may be among impediments." You proceed, "If

wealth

wealth is the obedient and laborious ſlave of virtue and of public honour, then wealth is in its place, and has its uſe: but if this order is changed, and honour is to be ſacrificed to the conſervation of riches, which have neither eyes nor hands, nor any thing truly vital in them, cannot long ſurvive the being of their vivifying powers, their legitimate maſters, and their potent protectors. If we command our wealth, we ſhall be rich and free: If our wealth command us, we are poor indeed. We are bought by the enemy with the treaſure from our own coffers. Too great a ſenſe of the value of ſubordinate intereſts may be the very ſource of its danger as well as the certain ruin of intereſts of a ſuperior order. Often has a man loſt his all, becauſe he would not ſubmit to hazard all in defending it." Thus in the one part of this paragraph you have raſhly advanced an aſſertion which is the reverſe of the fact. The wealth which you ſpeak of does not conſiſt in what conſtitutes the wealth of every country, viz. the number of its inhabitants, and the means within itſelf of ſubſiſting thoſe inhabitants. As to the firſt point, are you not compelled to hire mercenary troops, and to ſubſidize foreign Princes to defend your poſſeſſions? And with regard to the ſecond, have you not lately experienced a dearth of the neceſſaries of life, been even on

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the verge of a famine? Does your wealth conſiſt in the ſpreading of your foreign commerce? In the extending of old markets for your manufactures? or in the creating or opening of new ones? No; on the contrary, we ſee port after port ſhut againſt us, in various parts of Europe, and we ſee ourſelves ſupplanted in ſome others, by our induſtrious competitors the Americans, who in one branch in particular (the carrying trade) bid fair to rival us in a very conſiderable degree. The additional employment we might have found the laſt three years in this very eſſential branch of wealth to maritime nations, was caſual, and ought not to be conſidered as a permanent ſource of wealth to England. It aroſe from the diſtracted ſtate of the affairs of Holland, and the ſtill more diſtreſſed and diſmantled condition of her navy and commercial marine. The benefit Great Britain derived from that circumſtance is temporary, and cannot prove laſting. Holland ſubſiſts by the carrying trade, and is preparing for taking it up again with great vigour. Her government is conſolidating, her civil commotions are ſubſiding. But whatever part of that trade ſhe ſhould not be able to take up herſelf, will be ſhared in a great meaſure by the Americans, who can afford to bring their ſhips in ballaſt, even from that diſtant quarter of the globe, with

a view of employing them in the tranſport and carrying trade of Europe, eſpecially between France, Hamburgh and Holland: ſo readily can ſhe furniſh herſelf with ſhipping and ſtores, and ſo many are the encouragements ſhe derives from the nature of the country, and the cheapneſs of its government. Muſt we look for the wealth which you ſpeak of in the actual amount of the ſpecie in the country? Look at the recent meaſures and reſolves of the Bank, and at the expedients of the merchants and traders for a ſatisfaction on that head. Or which is eaſier for you to do, preſs the chief commercial man among your intimates to make an unreſerved avowal of all he knows thereon. He can tell you, if ſo inclined, that even thoſe few manufactures which have more than ever been buſied from their connexion with the war, (for even war, though generally deſtructive, deals out partial benefits) thoſe manufactures have experienced vaſt obſtructions to their proſperity by the ſcarcity of circulating caſh, and the diſcredit thrown on paper. The very diſcredit thrown on that ſubſtitute for caſh is itſelf a denial of the encreaſing wealth of the country. Mr. Pitt labours to prove that the difficulties which trade experiences from the want of caſh, do not ariſe from the diminiſhed quantity of that caſh, ſo much as from the in-

creaſe

creaſe of trade that requires it. This is fallacious reaſoning. An individual may undertake too much good trade and be ruined by it, but a highly commercial nation, like England, never can experience the difficulties we complain of, from an acceſſion of employment, and a demand for our goods and manufactures only.

Nothing is more eaſy than for a body of thriving merchants or traders to find expedients among themſelves to ſupply the deficiency of caſh: they may not ſee a guinea in a year, and yet feel no inconvenience from the circumſtance. This is the caſe where general proſperity gives credit to private dealings. The notes, debentures and bills of Government itſelf, are not in high reputation, how then can the private paper of individuals be ſuppoſed to maintain its credit, ſince with the beſt intentions of the parties, the heavy and continued demands of Miniſters for carrying on their wars, may command that money or capital to be taken out of trade, which is indiſpenſably neceſſary to the demands of trade. But as you obſerve in the above quotation, "that the workman may be encumbered by his tools, and that reſources may be among impediments," your next letter may probably undertake to prove the policy and expediency of obliging the

artificers of Great Britain to ſell their tools to the workmen of other countries, veſting the money they bring, in the hands of Miniſters, and thereby converting the *reſources of trade* into the *reſources of war*.

By doing this you will not only remove what you may deem an impediment, (and certainly the claims of trade and traders very much interfere with the claims of a Miniſter) but you will alſo convert the impediments into an inſtrument for facilitating your grand warlike deſigns; as every manufacturer and workman will be out of employment, he will be ready to enliſt into the army, and you will then do with half the accuſtomed number of hired foreign troops.

It is poſſible that I may have undeſignedly robbed you of the merit you hoped to derive from ſo Machiavelian a ſcheme, by thus anticipating you: The work, called *The Prince*, which gained the Florentine politician ſo much renown, would be deemed a trifle in compariſon with one you might have written, and may ſtill write, to prove that tools are uſeleſs to workmen, and reſources impediments in war.

But,

But, Sir, your desire is, that every thing, and every consideration, should give way to your sanguinary project of warfare. "Perish commerce! and live what?" why the constitution, such as yourself, with the assistance of Mr. Pitt, and a few other of your friends, would make it. So much for the wealth which you would hold up to the people of England, as an incitement to them to prosecute a war without a definable termination.

Now as to the power which you speak of. If we possessed the wealth that you would maintain we do, it would be no difficult thing to establish the proof of a power to prosecute the war. But instead of a proof we have an *ipse dixit*. The experiment we have made already with our troops on the Continent, does not flatter us much in respect to military power; and our conquests in the East and West Indies, you do not yourself rate very high in the sum total of our power, for you admit they are "advantages dearly bought." If you mean by our power, the navy of Great Britain, you mean something, it is powerful. Yet, Sir, it would be as easy to prove that this power in which we so much boast, and so rationally too, may become the source of our weakness, as that a workman is encumbered by the number of his tools.

tools. This vaſt power demands a vaſt expence to maintain it; if therefore its aliment and ſuſtenance, the trade and commerce of the country, fall off, its vigour declines, and its huge bulk becomes a butt of weakneſs, againſt which the jealouſy and hatred of our foreign enemies will be directed with the more fatal aim. If it ſhould turn out that the power you would confide in is the navy of Great Britain only, think what a predicament we might ſtand in, if the winds and waves (elements out of the controul of the moſt powerful of Kings, Miniſters, and Orators) ſhould adverſely drive a fleet on which all or much depended, into a place diſtant from that where our ſafety required it to be ſtationed.

A ſiniſter event of this kind might bring incalculable ills with it. (And what is more likely to occur, from the various calls a warfare ſuch as you propoſe would have on our navy.) Thus, without the ſmalleſt imputation on the courage or ſkill of our officers or ſeamen, by failing in our main deſign, we ſhould be defeated in many ſubaltern ones; and thus, with an over-match of ſtrength in the enemy againſt a few ſmaller ſquadrons, your Goliah might not only be crippled in a member, but which would be a thouſand times worſe, become *diſheartened*. Who, in

ſuch

ſuch a caſe, would be found to hold the high ſounding language which has filled our ears of late on this topic. You probably might ſay to the maſter workman at the head of the naval affairs of Great Britain, upon the news of a defeat, or capture of ſome of our ſhips, Proceed, proceed in the war, the ſhips are but *tools*, the fewer you have the leſs you will be encumbered, and fewer reſources will be required to keep up the reſt.

With a view to the rendering the ſteps towards peace which the Miniſter may be taking in earneſt or otherwiſe, more tardy, you perpetually remind him of the regard a great ſtate ought to have to its ancient maxims. This is exactly after the manner and way of thinking of the late EARL of MANSFIELD. Like that antique nobleman, you would have the treaty for peace reſemble the minuet *a la cour*, the parties are to keep at exact diſtances, till the muſic is finiſhed, when off go the hats, and a ſalute taking place between the dancers, the whole ends with a bow to the ſpectators. Believe me, Sir, if leſſons of this nature are ſent out with Lord Malmſbury, he may *croſs over* again and again, before the hand will be given. The Miniſter will have to re-commence the dance from the firſt ſtep.

You

You are careful to recount all thoſe circumſtances which can embitter remembrance and ſharpen rancor. You recite the Declaration of the Directory, that "they will have no peace with their enemies, until they have reduced them to a ſtate, which will put them under an impoſſibility of purſuing their wretched projects." You have not witneſſed the miſchiefs and miſeries which it's implacable enemies have brought on France; you have not ſeen it's towns ſacked and ravaged, it's provinces depopulated or diſtracted by civil broils, by commotions fomented by thoſe our enemies; in ſhort, you have not ſeen it bleeding at every pore from the wounds inflicted by the ſame inveterate enemies, or you would not wonder at ſuch a declaration. France has need of repoſe, a long repoſe, and ſhe will in all probability have it, whenever ſhe ſheaths the ſword, whatever you may wiſh or endeavour to the contrary.

But what ſays Mr. Pitt, whom you profeſs to think well of and admire, being bound to him as you ſignify from *gratitude*; what does he ſay or think of your blaming him for too much forwardneſs in peace making? He certainly did not expect to be chid for that fault. You not only blame him for obliquely acknowledging the Republic in the manner of his aſking for

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the paſſport, but accuſe him of laying the honour and dignity of England at the feet of the "French Directory." You obſerve, that the conduct of our Cabinet bears this conſtruction and language.

"Citizen Regicides! whenever you find yourſelves in the humour, you may have a peace with us. That is a point you may always command. We are conſtantly in attendance, and nothing you can do ſhall hinder us from the renewal of our ſolicitations. You may turn us out at the door, but we will jump in at the window." This muſt be one of thoſe *acts of Mr. Pitt* which you deſcribe to be *unlike his acts*: the only acts you obſerve that you can condemn.

This extraordinary publication, take it all together, has never had its equal for effect. It reviles your enemies, knocks down your friends, terrifies or confounds all who ſtand between thoſe deſcriptions of perſons. It recommends a war till the monarchy of France is reſtored, or perhaps till every Republican in the country is deſtroyed. In ſhort, it appears to be the effervescence of mind in a diſtracted being, who ſeeing no way out of the wretchedneſs into which his want of virtue has allowed him to

fall, and in which he is further ſinking, he would draw all mankind into the abyſs along with him.

Among the cauſes of your anger is the French declaration publiſhed at Hamburgh, that "the war on the part of England, is a war of Government, begun and carried on againſt the ſenſe and intereſts of the people." The charge which you bring againſt the Directory of France of endeavouring to ſow the ſeeds of ſedition and tumult, muſt make them ſmile, and who beſide can forbear to do ſo, when it is recollected what our Government has done in the *Vendée*, at *Toulon*, and elſewhere. But, Sir, however deſirous you may be to conceal the motives of the war, either as to its commencement or continuance, they will be known, and truly known, they are diſcovered by popular opinion, and whatever is a *national ſentiment* can never be bottled up like a *ſtate ſecret*. Nine tenths of the people execrate the war, for the beſt of reaſons. The war was not commenced to recover any thing they had loſt, nor is it perſevered in to reſtore what they ſtand in need of. They are therefore not only weary of it, but of the ſyſtem which gave riſe to it, and endure it (though always with murmuring) in the ſad aſſurance that the greatneſs of the evil it will produce

duce may prevent future Miniſters from raſhly plunging into another.

You are exceedingly alarmed and enraged that the French propoſe to make the Rhine, the mountains, and the ſeas the boundaries of the Republic. If this laying down the limits of their territory be alarming, and alarming it unqueſtionably is to ſtateſmen of a certain deſcription, I would aſk what ſuggeſted to them the neceſſity of calling in the aid of phyſical nature for keeping out their enemies? Will it not be anſwered, that, the treaty of Pilnitz, and the unprovoked invaſion of France by the confederated Powers, intimated it to them.

Thoſe whoſe heads and imaginations move as a ſcale beam when the *balance of power* is but mentioned, will be in a perpetual fright at ſuch an addition to the French territory. It would have been to me a formidable occurrence but a ſhort time ago: but for my part, I view it now with unconcern. Being ſecure themſelves, they will have no right, no occaſion to diſturb the tranquillity of others. Should ſuch a ſtep, however enter into their ideas, their own aſtoniſhing ſucceſs, ariſing wholly from the goodneſs of their cauſe, will teach them what they may expect from others ſimilarly circum-

ſtanced. It is not the number of people compoſing a ſtate or community that renders reſiſtance ſucceſsful; it is the energy and unanimity ariſing from the nature of the conteſt, that carries them through all oppoſition. If they ſhould want other examples to prove what is advanced, they will caſt an eye upon their neighbours the Dutch or the Swiſs.

In the name of Heaven, then, or rather in the name of peace, and perhaps may be added, *of juſtice*, let them take ſuch inſurmountable hills and impaſſable rivers for their barriers as keep their enemies at a diſtance, we have a ſea to guard us from ours, which the people, under a *wiſe* and *honeſt* Government, will always find ſufficient to ſecure them from ſlavery or domination, though all the world ſhould unjuſtly come againſt them.

Your thoughts and opinions lie ſo ſcattered here and there in your Letters, that it is with ſome difficulty they can be collected for examination. You have firſt ſhewn the *Republican Regicide* to be a formidable power, a portentous thing that muſt be ſubdued; and though you have ſaid (in page 66) "this mother of monſters, more prolific than the country of old called *Ferax monſtrorum*, ſhews ſymptoms of being

being almoſt *effete* already," yet a little further on you write, " no experience has yet told us, that without a long war a dangerous power has ever been reduced to meaſure or to reaſon :" and you deſire the epithet *long*, which you mark by italics, may be remembered, as having a great ſtreſs laid upon it. To give us ſome faint notion of what may be underſtood by that indefinite meaſure of time, you mention four wars, " without," as you ſay, " looking back to them." The firſt in order is the Peleponeſian war, the duration of which was twenty-ſeven years ; two of the Punic wars, one of twenty four, the other of eighteen years ; and laſtly, the Weſtphalian, of thirty. Taking either of thoſe for the ſtandard of admeaſurement of the war you would invoke, you ſecure to yourſelf, in all human probability, the ſatisfaction of having your dying groans drowned by the ſound of the drum and fife.

You venture to ſay, however, that no war can be long carried on againſt the will of the people, and that the war in particular you propoſe, cannot be carried on unleſs the people are enthuſiaſtically fond of it. Acquieſcence, you obſerve, will not do, " there muſt be zeal ;" at the ſame time, or a ſhort time after, you lay open a diſcovery as important in its nature as

it

it is unpromiſing to your hopes, "IT CANNOT BE CONCEALED THAT WE ARE A DIVIDED PEOPLE."

Now, to reunite the people, to fill them with zeal, and to inſpire them with that enthuſiaſm which is ſo neceſſary in the proſecution of a war of that endurance which you would propoſe, how is this to be done? *hic labor, hoc opus.* Yet doubtleſs, any one of the eighty thouſand perſons whom you denominate *Jacobins* could tell you. However, at the hazard of being claſſed in that number, I will be adventurous enough to ſpeak it. In the firſt place, the people muſt be ſatisfied that ſuch a war when firſt entered upon is *juſt*. They muſt next be convinced it's neceſſity is not done away by a favourable opportunity to accommodate the matter in diſpute. And, laſtly, which is equally or ſtill more eſſential, they muſt have the moſt unequivocal proofs, that the money and means which they furniſh for the proſecution of ſo juſt and neceſſary a war, are faithfully and with judgment applied to the purpoſes of it, and to none other. Then, and not till then, will the people of England conſent to hazard their lives and property in earneſt, to obtain juſtice and ſatisfaction of their enemies.

For

For Government to obtain this grand *deſideratum*, it muſt in itſelf be juſt and wiſe, it muſt be formed upon, or modelled by the will of a majority of the people; the only principle in which Governments in future are likely to reſt on a firm baſe. But as you have not ſaid a ſyllable upon this *delicate ſubject* in your two letters, it may be improper in me to dwell on it myſelf. I ſhall, therefore, proceed to examine your *ſuccedaneum* for what you confeſs is wanting.

The exiſtence of the diſorder, you ſay, cannot be concealed. We are a *divided* people. And as we cannot be made *whole* either by a *reſtricting ſuture* as ſurgeons would preſcribe, nor by *ſplicing* as ſailors would recommend: you proceed in quite another manner. You compute and claſs thoſe who in any political view are to be called the people. What the reſt who are not within your *political view* are to be called, I know not. In England and Scotland, you compute that thoſe of adult age, not declining in life, of tolerable leiſure for ſuch diſcuſſion, and of ſome means of information, more or leſs, and who are above menial dependance (or what virtually is ſuch) you eſtimate may amount to about four hundred thouſand. Then after obſerving that there is ſuch a thing as a *natural repreſentative* of the people: this body, you ſay, is that repreſentative; and on this body more than

than on the legal conſtituent, the artificial repreſentative depends. This you call the Britiſh publick. You conclude with "the reſt, when feeble, are the objects of protection; when ſtrong, the means of force;" further adding, "they who affect to conſider that part of us in any other light, inſult while they cajole us; they do not want us for counſellors in deliberation, but to liſt us as ſoldiers for battle." The ſenſe of which the reader may as little comprehend as myſelf.

Of the above four hundred thouſand political citizens, you look upon one fifth, or about eighty thouſand, to be pure Jacobins. (For the expoſition of this part of your table of calculation, the Miniſter will not thank you, knowing as he does what powerful *propagandiſtes* the Jacobins are.) Theſe Jacobins you note are objects of eternal vigilance, and when they break out, of legal conſtraint, on them no reaſon, no argument, no example, no venerable authority, can have the ſlighteſt influence. "They deſire a change, and a change they will have if they can." You ſay, "if they cannot have it by Engliſh cabal, they will make no ſort of ſcruple of having it by the cabal of France," into which you declare they are already virtually incorporated. You allow they are quiet for the moment, but that it is only their aſſured and confident expectation of the advantages

tages of French fraternity, and the approaching bleſſings of Regicide intercourſe, that ſkins over their miſchievous diſpoſitions. You are fully perſuaded the Jacobins wiſh for peace with France, and that to their expectations of it, you aſcribe their preſent quiet condition. This point it ſeems to you neceſſary to eſtabliſh, becauſe when you deſcribed the diſpoſitions of the four fifths of the natural repreſentatives or Britiſh public, there is no other ground for urging the continuance of the war.

The minority you obſerve is great and formidable, inſomuch that you do not know whether, if you were to aim at the total overthrow of a kingdom, you would wiſh to be encumbered with a larger body of partizans.

Now of the majority, the other four fifths, you repreſent it as perfectly ſound, and of the beſt poſſible diſpoſition to the Government, to religion, to the true and undivided intereſt of this country. But what a ſecret are you going to reveal; you ſay "ſuch men are naturally diſpoſed to peace." Then what, in the name of Heaven is the war to be carried on for? Not becauſe the *ſound* part of the community, thoſe who have the beſt diſpoſitions to religion and government would have it, but becauſe the Jacobins would have peace. Oh rare!

But leſt I ſhould be ſuſpected of not having done you juſtice by inſulating this ſentence of your letter, I will tranſcribe the whole paſſage that follows it through the ſection.

"They who are in poſſeſſion of all they wiſh, are languid and improvident; with this fault they would not endure to hear of a peace that led to the ruin of every thing for which peace is dear to them. However, the deſire of peace is the weak ſide of that kind of men. All men that are ruined, are ruined on the ſide of their natural propenſities. There they are unguarded. Above all, good men do not ſuſpect that their deſtruction is attempted through their virtues. This their enemies are perfectly aware of. And accordingly, they, the moſt turbulent of mankind, who never made a ſcruple to ſhake the tranquillity of their country to its center, raiſe a continual cry for peace with France. Peace with Regicide, and war with the reſt of the world is their motto. From the beginning, and even whilſt the French gave the blows, and we hardly oppoſed the *vis inertiæ* to their efforts, from that day to this hour, like importunate Guinea fowls crying one note day and night, they have called for peace."

Thus we arrive at the kernel of this mighty nut, the cracking of which has made ſo dreadful a noiſe.

noiſe. A looker on, while the great Mr Burke, ſo able a General in politics, was marſhalling his diviſions and ſub-diviſions, muſt naturally have expected a grander operation than this. The Jacobins wiſh for peace, the *ſound* part of the Britiſh Public are indifferent, or rather averſe to the war, except that they would not hear of a peace that ſhould lead to the ruin of every thing to which peace is dear to them. Then what is the long war to end in, and how are the Jacobins to be diſpoſed of during its proſecution? This is the important queſtion. It is not in plain terms ſaid how they ſhall be got rid of; but let us ſee if we cannot make the matter out by inference; ere we have quite done with the ſubject.

As the Jacobins are to be overcome, doubtleſs by a more revealed plan of operations, to be unfolded in your further Letters, you think it right to raiſe them at preſent to ſome eminence of character, that there may be more *eclat* in the victory over them. Homer has done the ſame thing by all his heroes. You therefore ſay, "I have a good opinion of the general abilities of the Jacobins; not that I ſuppoſe them better born than others." (That obſervation is abſurd to a degree; for the true Jacobins, or, as you would ſay, the *pure* Jacobins, pique themſelves in the undiſtinguiſhed condition of their birth, inſomuch, that it is neceſſary for a man to renounce all pretenſions of

that nature before he can be admitted within the pale of Jacobiniſm. But to proceed in your character of them.) "Strong paſſions awaken their faculties. They ſuffer not a particle of the man to be loſt. The ſpirit of enterprize gives to them the full uſe of all their native energies." In this way you proceed, by now and then contraſting them with the majority, finally making up their attributes by adding, "Falſe they are, unſound, ſophiſtical, but they are regular in their direction. They all bear one way; and they all go to the ſupport of the ſubſtantial merits of their cauſe."

The Jacobins, with this deſcription and character, are nominally quitted by you, while you run back to the war with Spain in 1739, and the conduct of Sir Robert Walpole in it, which have juſt as much to do with the preſent diſpute as the conduct of Robinſon Cruſoe upon his deſolate iſland. You quote ſeveral addreſſes to King William, to ſhew what the ſpirit of the people of England was at that period, equally irrelevant to the war with France at this time, it being an entire new caſe. You occupy alſo a great deal of the reader's time by endeavouring to prove the right this country had to interfere in the internal Government of France.

Whence

Whence you obtained your authorities for what you advance, by what code of civil law, or law of nations, you would try your rules, I know not. GROTIUS, PUFFENDORF, nor VATTEL, do not come up to your purpose. But your own *de jure belli & pacis* is to be a rule of conduct to all the world; and it is enough that Mr. Burke insists "the whole drift of the Regicide's institution is contrary to that of the wise Legislators of all countries." You return to the subject of the necessity of the war, deploring the languor of the nation in prosecuting it, that nothing is so *rash* as *fear*, and that the counsels of pusillanimity very rarely put off, whilst they are always sure to aggravate the evils from which they would fly.

What does all this ranting and vehemence imply, but that as France is a Regicide Government, England ought to make eternal war against it—forgetting, at the same time, that England itself was once a *Regicide Commonwealth*, and yet no nation made war upon it on that account.

You confess we are fighting against a nation of zealots, and that for want of the impulse *from above*, an ineffectual force is opposed to them. Probably you deem the state of the case to be *Helotes* against *Zealots*. You do not wholly despair however: "We have been great, and may be so again."

again." But the zeal, the enthuſiaſm is wanting; *aye, there's the rub.* "We muſt walk in new ways;" and in them, perhaps, we are to find the neceſſary zeal and enthuſiaſm. Government is to work up the deſired impulſe; and as Mr. Pitt is at the head of Government, he will no doubt, under your direction, give the grand machine its firſt movement.

That man muſt be blind and ſtupid who does not ſee and conceive the nature of the whole piece, from the prolegomenon you have favoured us with. To ſave the reader the trouble of thinking long upon the matter, I will ſuggeſt the whole ſtory to him. The new ways we muſt walk in refer to future ſteps, both political and military. Government is to give new impulſes, by aſſuming new powers. Acts of Parliament, like thoſe of the two Bills in the laſt Seſſion, are to be paſſed for the purpoſe; and with a view to encountering our enemy in his own manner, *requiſition* is to be had recourſe to, it being viſible that armies have been recruited in an unexampled manner by means of requiſition. In the next place the Preſs (whoſe influence none better underſtands than yourſelf) is to be put under *wholeſome regulation*; the French are to be *lawfully abuſed*, and no one allowed unlawfully to arraign the *juſtice* and *neceſſity* of the war. This is gaining a great deal; but the greateſt

point

point of all will be, the invigorating the *firſt tribunal* of Government, in order to keep down, or wholly exterminate the Jacobins. This is the grand plan of operations, and the whole drift of your Two Letters (more will certainly be written on the ſame deſign) is to prepare the Public for receiving it. It will almoſt be ſufficient of itſelf to tranſcribe one particular leaf of your letter, in order to ſhew, as through a ſpying glaſs, the diſtant picture.

The Preſs, with all the heavy clogs laid upon it, in ſtamps and duties, ſtill breathes an air of freedom. It impedes or fruſtrates the Miniſter's untoward projects; it diſcovers his ambitious deſigns as ſoon as they are conceived: he cannot go on at his eaſe, if this impertinent, hateful monitor be not ſilenced; it has the effect of infuſing a ſpirit of liberty in the people, which you call *rebellious*; it directs the public eye to the proceedings of the magiſtrates in the courts of juſtice, and teaches a jury that laſt ſafeguard to an Engliſhman, that ſheet-anchor to our bark of Liberty, againſt a tide of deſpotiſm; it teaches, I ſay, the men who compoſe our juries, that they ſtand on their own centre, are amenable to no tribunals but their own conſciences, and are therefore never to be awed, never to be influenced by frowns or power.

You

You ſay, "Public proſecutions are become little better than ſchools for treaſon: of no uſe but to improve the dexterity of criminals in the myſtery of evaſion; or to ſhew with what complete impunity men may conſpire againſt the commonwealth; with what ſafety aſſaſſins may attempt its awful head. Every thing is ſecure, except what the laws have made ſacred; every thing is tameneſs and languor that is not fury and faction. Whilſt the diſtempers of a relaxed fibre prognoſticate and prepare all the morbid force of convulſion in the body of the State, the ſteadineſs of the phyſician is overpowered by the very aſpect of the diſeaſe. The doctor of the Conſtitution, pretending to under-rate what he is not able to contend with, ſhrinks from his own operation. He doubts and queſtions the ſalutary but critical terrors of the cautery and the knife. He takes a poor credit even from his defeat; and covers impotence under the maſk of lenity. He praiſes the moderation of the laws, as, in his hands, he ſees them baffled and deſpiſed. Is all this, becauſe in our day the ſtatutes of the kingdom are not engroſſed in as firm a character, and imprinted in as black and legible a type as ever? No! the law is a clear, but it is a dead letter. Dead and putrid, it is inſufficient to ſave the ſtate, but potent to infect and to kill. Living law, full of reaſon, and of equity and juſtice, (as it is, or it ſhould not exiſt) ought

to

to be ſevere and awful too; or the words of menace, whether written on the parchment roll of England, or cut into the brazen tablet of Rome, will excite nothing but contempt. How comes it, that in all the ſtate proſecutions of magnitude, from the revolution till within theſe two or three years, the Crown has ſcarcely ever retired diſgraced and defeated from its courts? Whence this alarming change? By a connexion eaſily felt, and not impoſſible to be traced to its cauſe, all the parts of the ſtate have their correſpondence and conſent. They who bow to the enemy abroad, will not be of power to ſubdue the conſpiration at home. It is impoſſible not to obſerve, that in proportion as we approximate to the poiſonous jaws of anarchy, the faſcination grows irreſiſtible. In proportion as we are attracted towards the focus of illegality, irreligion, and deſperate enterpriſe, all the venomous and blighting inſects in the ſtate are awakened into life. The promiſe of the year is blaſted, and ſhrivelled, and burned up before them. Our moſt ſalutary and moſt beautiful inſtitutions yield nothing but duſt and ſmut; the harveſt our law is no more than ſtubble. It is in the nature of theſe eruptive diſeaſes in the ſtate, to ſink in by fits and re-appear. But the full of the malady remains, and in my opinion, is not in the ſmalleſt degree, mitigated in its

malignity, though it waits the favourable moment of a fre'er communication with Regicide, to exert and to increaſe its force."

What the judges may think of this, your philippic, Sir, I know not; the cenſure it conveys on their proceedings, is ſtill more ſevere than others which are leſs directly caſt on certain acts of the Miniſter, deſcribed as not reſembling his acts: but for the general tendency of it, a more diabolical effuſion of malignity was never thrown up by any demon whatever. *Antonio* beware, *Shylock* is whetting his knife!!!

Your miſchievous charm is now about to be wound up, there remains only to fill the chauldron, and properly ſeaſon the hell-broth. For this purpoſe, ingredients more ſavory than "fingers of birth-ſtrangled babe, ditch-delivered of a drab," are to compoſe it. There will be murdered princes—maſſacred nobles—exenterated biſhops:—the whole further heightened in *gout* by the blood of fathers aſſaſſinated by their children, and by that of children mangled by their fathers. In ſhort, of your horrific account of the enormities committed by the French, it is ſo overcharged, that the leaſt ſceptic of your readers will ſay, "it is too bad to be true;" the reſt, by the information of perſons in France, during

during the exceſſes of the revolution, (for exceſſes there were) will be convinced of the exaggeration.

To judge of your pictorial art in this kind of *extravaganza*, the reader may refer back to your Letter, where after narrating a catalogue of more ſhocking barbarities than ever were committed from the beginning of time. You ſay of the conduct of the French, "to all this let us join the practice of *cannibaliſm*, with which, in the proper terms, and with the greateſt truth, their ſeveral factions accuſe each other. By which, I mean their devouring as a nutriment of their ferocity, ſome part of the bodies of thoſe they have murdered; their drinking the blood of their victims, and forcing the victims themſelves to drink the blood of their kindred ſlaughtered before their faces."

All that remains to be ſaid on this ſubject is, that atrocities have accompanied almoſt all revolutions. In that of the French, the major part of theſe crimes were occaſioned by the interference of impertinent neighbours. But ſo little ought they to have been a ſubject for declaring war againſt them, or to be urged now as a collateral reaſon for continuing in it: nothing is more true, than that war as far as it could af-

fect the ſafety of the Republic, would be the moſt likely to renew that evil ſo deplored.

CONCLUSION.

I am now, Sir, about to take leave of you; and much as you are *addicted to writing*, I cannot flatter myſelf with a reply from you to my anſwer. You will doubtleſs have many anſwers on the ſame occaſion more deſerving notice, as being more to the purpoſe. But young in the ſcience of politics (however old of ſtanding in the ſchool of patriotiſm) it is not to be ſuppoſed the ſubject is as familiar as it is intereſting to one of that deſcription. Among ſome of your anſwerers you will in all probability meet with what you have entitled yourſelf to, a ſeverer *retort*. I have ſaid nothing on the ſubject of your ſecond Letter "*On the Genius and Character of the French Revolution.*" The character of it you have evidently drawn from the noble and emigrant prieſts with whom you aſſociate, and its genius you have conceived in the reveries which have been the fruit of the marvellous ſtories recounted to you ſo often. As you have for ſome time been the bell-wether of the *Engliſh Alarmiſts*, ſo have you nearly as long been the oracle of the *French Royaliſts*, and you aim

to

to become yourſelf the Coloſſus you ſpeak of, with one foot on each ſide of the Channel. But, Sir, your laſt Two Letters muſt have ſcared the flock from longer following you: they will be wiſe in ſeeking ſafer ſhepherds for houſing in the ſtorm. To lay aſide all metaphor, what muſt a ſenſible man think of your underſtanding, when you urge as one of the reaſons for continuing the war. that England ſtill gives ſigns of a *plethora*. What, plethoric, after unremitting and copious bleedings for three years together? Then your diſplay of the *cautery* and *knife*, with the other dreadful inſtruments of your revengeful apparatus, what do they portend thereby, but that *burning* and *cutting* are a part of that preſcription which you are drawing up for the deſperate caſe of your country. You have only to eſtabliſh the maxims you advance, "that the Crown is diſgraced if the accuſed be not hanged," and you will ſoon be able to ſay of your receipt—*probatum eſt*. You will, without doubt, continue to remind thoſe *whom it may concern*, how much the preſs has diſſeminated *democracy*, and contributed to bring on your regretted French Revolution. If you can urge this diſcovery with good effect in the *proper place*, you will be flattered for a time with the hope of complete ſucceſs. It is impoſſible to conjecture what the inſolence of the few,

operating

operating on the tameneſs of the many, may produce; but if the people of England ſhould allow *a regulation of the Preſs* to lock up its *temporary* freedom, as in the caſe of the ſuſpenſion of the *Habeas Corpus Act*, then will they confirm the truth of what has been ſaid of them, "they are too corrupt to be regenerated."

The very idea of ſo parricidal an act is frightful, and haſtens me to make uſe of the moment which the law as it ſtands allows me to ſpeak my mind in.

What man's hair does not ſtand on end! when he hears you (the organ, or mouth-piece of thoſe who have the reins of Government in their hands) conclude your baneful labours with the following remark. "From all this, my inference is, that this new ſyſtem in France cannot be rendered ſafe by any art; that it muſt be deſtroyed, or that it will deſtroy all Europe; that to deſtroy that enemy, by ſome means or other, the force oppoſed to it ſhould be made to bear ſome analogy and reſemblance to the force and ſpirit which that ſyſtem exerts; that war ought to be made againſt it in its vulnerable parts. In a word, with this Republic nothing independan can exiſt." Now, Sir, conſidering you in the light of a great penſioner of the Crown,

Crown, in confidential intercourſe with Miniſters at the time ſuch a ſentiment is publiſhed, I conceive that ſentiment capable of doing infinite miſchief to your country. It is a propoſal for carrying a war to extermination againſt twenty-four millions of people, united under a Government acknowledged to be the moſt powerful ever witneſſed; and that war to be carried on, I ſay, by a nation of leſs than half its number of inhabitants, divided amongſt themſelves, and moreover jealous of every proceeding of their Government. Oh, madneſs! oh, infatuation!!—It is hoped ſome able politician in the Houſe of Commons, with a view to obviate the invited evil of your publication, will take up the ſubject of it in a manner more to the purpoſe than can be done out of it, by

A TYRO.

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